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TAFT PIE MYSTERY IS FINALLY SOLVED

Dainty Was Consumed by Jackie Horner and Simple Simon.

NEW YORK, November 27.—Once on a time—it really was only a few years ago—some bakery of Newark, N. J., was the scene of a tragedy. A young man, Simple Simon, and a young woman, Jackie Horner, were engaged to be married. Simple Simon was a dainty young man, and Jackie Horner was a dainty young woman. They were both very much in love with each other. One day, Simple Simon was walking down the street, and he saw a beautiful young woman. He stopped and looked at her. She was Jackie Horner. She was walking with a young man. Simple Simon was very jealous. He went home and told Jackie Horner about the young man. Jackie Horner was very angry. She told Simple Simon that she was not in love with him. Simple Simon was very sad. He went to the bakery and told the baker about Jackie Horner. The baker was very angry. He told Simple Simon that Jackie Horner was a very bad girl. Simple Simon was very sad. He went to the bakery and told the baker about Jackie Horner. The baker was very angry. He told Simple Simon that Jackie Horner was a very bad girl. Simple Simon was very sad. He went to the bakery and told the baker about Jackie Horner. The baker was very angry. He told Simple Simon that Jackie Horner was a very bad girl.

"He does," was the reply.

"And has he by any chance a son of the same name?"

"He has—Mr. John Horner, Jr.—though because of his tender age he is usually known as Jack, or 'Buck'."

"And may I see this young man?" continued Mr. Holmes, offering a card.

"I regret," replied the man, "the young Mr. Horner is indisposed. Yesterday," he continued, with a

received with approbation by the younger members of the guild, and it was decided even so it should be. Whereupon the several pie-makers, who were members of the Newark guild, fell to work, and began the construction of the great pie.

In the course of time the pie was

pleted. It was, it sooth, a mammoth pie. Its dimensions were twenty inches in diameter and three inches deep. Its total weight was fifty pounds or thereabouts, and its contents included twenty-five pounds of raisins, one-half gallon of brandy, one

or apples, three pounds of prunes, six pounds of prime beef, six pounds of sugar, six lemons and one pound of iron. Withal, it must be regarded some pie.

Now this great pie, as well as another and a smaller pie which was tendered for Judge Gaynor, Mayor-

of New York City, and which he soon would be a man, began to
it does not greatly concern us. And at the sound one of the four nu
will be forgotten with this brief ref- entered the room.
ference, was duly concocted and was
baked in an oven in Manhattan to be
baked. Also it was baked, even as the
man had been, and its picture was
"Did you allow this boy to b
mince pie for his Thanksgiving
per?" Mr. Holmes asked sternly.
have been told that 'every precau
was taken' for his health."

The nurse trembled as she replied, "Yes, sir, the young man gave me a nice pie, a piece of being thankful he had an e portion of a most digestible he food, but he did not seem to enjoy and—"

"Enough," interrupted Mr. Holt. Then, turning back to the boy on

great pie in the hands of a delegation of bakers as far as Broadway and thirty-second Street, Manhattan, and there it seemed that only one verbed the supernatural would be of any use, for in that vortex of humanity and such like the great pie had disappeared. "I only ate half of it," the whipmored.

"What became of the rest?"

"Simple Simon ate the other half."

"Where did you get the pie?"

When this predicament had been reached, a long, gaunt, clean shaven man in tweeds removed his cigarette from his mouth and said to an inoffensive looking person who sat just behind him:

“Simple Simon and me went out Newark and got the bakers to let us take the pie to the President. We didn’t take it to him, but at ourselves, and Simple Simon is too. The pie was good, but I feel was too large for us.”

Mr. Holmes placed his hand on the smaller one, which lay on the w

Dr. Watson, do you understand that these gentlemen have given up this problem in logic and are willing at I should air my slight gifts—whatever it may—toward its solution? The person addressed as Dr. Watson said that such was his understanding.

Mr. Holmes, turning to the others, said:

"If you will have the kindness to wait me for a few minutes, I will meet you here immediately under the picture at 8 o'clock. Dr. Watson, I

Back before the picture at the prescribed Mr. Holmes told the assembled of his success. Old Sides however, was not present at the trial. He came in just as it had been completed, and exclaimed:

"I've got a clue."

Sherlock Holmes, believing that

The others of the party moved some distance down the street to another cafe, and Mr. Holmes, when they had done, said to his friend, Dr. Watson: "Doctor, you have learned something of deduction through watching

number of my most important experiments. What do you make of this eat pie, which was to have been presented to Mr. Taft?"

The physician, looking on the matter from a professional viewpoint and also in a vein that might be described

"Granted that this is so," he continued, "is it not possible that Secret Service men intercepted that and tasted it before allowing it to be presented to the President? Furthermore, it would be assumed, since the pie was for the president, that consumption that would require a certain degree of excellent digestive organs, naturally, then, that

somehow facetious, replied: "Is it not possible that some friend of Mr. Taft's made away with it?" The detective, knowing the hygienic suits of mince, pie and appreciating a friend's little joke, chuckled softly and then became immersed in thought.

These Secret Service men, once had tasted the pie, were unable to leave it alone until they had finished it?"

There was applause at this and all present agreed that this combination theory was correct the question being regarded as settled.

Dr. Watson said the check, and after a moment Sherlock Holmes returned to the workaday world.

"Who, in your opinion, Dr. Watson," said, "is most strongly identified with the love of pie?"

Dr. Watson puzzled a moment and answered, intending his remark to be

**COURT-MARTIALED SOLDIERS
SHOULD NOT BE BRAN**

NEW YORK, November 27.—Soldiers convicted by court-martial of minor offenses and dismissed from

ken as another joke: "Little Jack
"Mr. Holmes did not smile, but asked
with all seriousness: "Upon what do
you base your opinion, Dr. Watson?"
"Why," said the latter, "do you not
remember the verse:
United States army should not
be branded as convicts or perman
barred from re-enlistment in
cases, according to the views exp
ed-to-day by Major-General Leo
Wood, U. S. A., in his first annual
port as commander of the Depart
of the East.

"The present system of handing military convicts should be changed," says the report, "and a process inaugurated looking to reform as a punishment, under which it will be possible for prisoners by good conduct to obtain a standing which will

Put Up to the Horners.
 "And is there not often more truth in fairy tales than in what we commonly call facts? Watson, find me a fairy directory."
 The directory was brought and Mr. Holmes, placing it upon the bar and

enling to H. was absorbed for some moments. Then he said: "Watson, take down this address for me, '23 West Forty-second Street, and come along if you so desire.'" Arrived at the white stone building the address he had selected, Mr. ~~Wood~~ ^{Wood}
